

Red Ring of Death: Combat Devolved

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Summary: A parody of Halo 1. Rated T for language and violece, just in case.

1. Chapter 1

****Alright, this is my first story here, so please no flaming, thanks.

****Red Ring of Death: Combat Devolved****

Captain dude: Somewhere in the heavens...they are waiting.

Cortana: Umm, Captain Keyes, sir, this isn't the Marathon, the Pfhor aren't real.

Keyes: Cortana, all I need to know is did we lose them?

Cortana: I think we both know the answer to that.

Keyes: We baked a cake...urm, we made a blind jump. How did they...

Short but awkward silence.

Cortana: Get here first? The Covenant ships...

Keyes: ...ARE CYLONS!

Cortana: *in mind* I hope you get turned into a giant mass of undead bodies that rules an anciet race of parastetic zombies. *out of mind* ...Have always been faster.

Cortana:As for tracking us all the way from Reach...at light speed, my maneuv...

Pvt. Yorick: POOR ME!

Cortana: My...

Keyes: Pvt. Yorick, don't interrupt Cortana...

Cortana: My...

Keyes: ...Understood soldier?

Yorick: Yes sir :(

Cortana: As I was saying, my maneuvering options were limited.

Keyes: We were running dark, yes?

Cortana: Until...

Keyes: OMG, METROIDES!

Cortana: Sir, please pay attention.

Keyes: Sorry.

Cortana: Until we decelerated, no one could have missed the hole we tore in subspace.

Keyes looks at a bridge crewman's console, and pushes a shiny red button.

Cortana: Self destruct sequence activated, have a nice day.

KRA-SPLOSION!

Keyes: *wakes up.*

Cortana: _Everyone_, sir?

Keyes: huh...oh! Uhh yeah sure, everyone.

An alarming klaxon sounds, as crewmen run towards their stations.

Keyes: And Cortana...

Cortana's avatar appears.

Cortana: Hmm?

Keyes: ...let's give our old friends a piece of that cake.

Cortana: I've already begun,*whispering* idiot.

Meanwhile, in the main hold of the Pillar of Autumn, a marine, Yorick, stands, waving lit plasma 'nades to guide a pelican into the incorrect docking position. He then explodes.

Cortana: Poor Yorick.

Cortana (COM): Attention, all combat personnel: Please report to your action stations. 5th Platoon, secure airlocks on Deck 11. 14th Platoon, rendezvous with 22nd Tactical at bulkhead Charlie 14."

Bulkhead: MY NAME AIN'T CHARLIE, IT'S BULKHEAD!

Marines start talking, readying their weapons, preparing Scorpion Tanks and Puma, err, Warthogs, or in Griff's case just loitering, then Sergeant Johnson shows up.

Sergeant Johnson: You heard the lady! Move like you've got a purpose!

Cortana (COM): This is not a drill. I repeat, this is not a drill.

Caboose: Is it a skrewdriver? I have always wanted one of those.

Sergeant Johnson: Once again, it is our job to finish what the flyboys started.

>We are leaving this ship, platoon, and engaging the Covenant on solid ground.
When we meet the enemy, we will rip their skulls from their spines, and beat them to death with 'em!

Yorick: Wait a second...how do you beat someone to death with their own skull?

>That doesn't seem physically possible!<p>

Sergeant Johnson: That's what those freaks'll be saying.

Yorick: uhh, ok... O.o

Sergeant Johnson: *turns around* Am I right, Marines?

Marines: Sir, yes sir!

Sergeant Johnson: Uh-huh. Damn right, I am. Now move it out! Double time!

The Marines break formation and run out of the area, and Johnson follows them slowly

Cortana (COM): Attention, all personnel: We are re-engaging the enemy.

>Internal and external contact imminent.<p>

Sergeant Johnson: All you greenhorns who wanted to see Covenant up close...this is gonna be your lucky day.

X - CORTANA 1 0 CRYOSTOR. 23.4.7 (PRIORITY ALPHA) UNSEAL THE HUSHED CASKET

Tech Officer Sam Marcus: Whoa! Sir?

Tech Chief Thom Shephard: Right. Let's thaw him out.

The crewmen start pushing buttons.

Marcus: Okay. Bringing low-level systems online. Cracking the case in thirty seconds.

Marcus: He's hot! Blowing the pins in five...

Marcus(COM): His suit is green! I thought it was red!

The Chief's cryotube opens.

Shephard: *salutes* Sorry for the quick thaw, Master Chief. Things are a little hectic right now. The disorientation should pass quickly.

Marcus (COM): *waves* Welcome back, sir. We'll have you battle ready stat.

Chief: aw, crap.

Shephard: Chief, please look around the room.
>I need to get a calibration reading for your battle suit's diagnostics.<p>

Chief: *Waves his hand in front of Shephard's face* No you don't.

Shephard: Chief, just do it.

Chief: FINE! *looks around*

Shephard: Good. Thank you sir.

Marcus (COM): I'm bringing your health monitors online, sir.

Chief: Do I look like i'm sick to you?

Shephard: "Vital signs look normal. No freezer burn.
>Okay sir, go ahead and climb out of the cryo tube<p>

Chief: But I wanna sleep-in more! Fine!

steps out epicly

Shephard: "I gave you a double dose of the wake-up stim.
>Take a quick walk around the cryo bay and join me at the optical diagnostics station when you're ready<p>

Shephard walks over, and soon Master Chief follows him and stands on a red square

Chief:*stares at the floor* Oh boy, the red square of death.

Shephard: Sir, I need you to look at me so we can begin.

Chief:*wanders off*

Shephard: Chief, please stand in the red square.

Edits out a bunch of boring stuff.

Keyes (COM): Bridge to Cryo 2, this is Captain Keyes.
>Send the Chief to the bridge immediately.<p>

END OF CHAPTER 1

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2: The Pillar of Autumn

Shephard: Captain, we'll have to skip the cake and I...

Keyes: THE CAKE IS A LIE, erm, on the double, sheep header guy.

Shephard: Aye aye, sir*whispering*shisno.

Shephard: *to the Chief*The skipper seems, skippy, erm, jumpy, we'd better get moving

Marcus: Ok. I'll leave the self-diagnostics running, at least.

Shephard: Good idea. You'd better get to your evac group, Sam!

Marcus: Affirmative. Just have to finish my cake and I'm outta here!

bang!, bang!, bang!

Marcus: OMG, IT'S MY WIFE!

Red Elite: WORT WORT WORT!*Kills Marcus with a pineapple and a can of spam O.o*

Shephard: Sam! Sam! *to the Chief* C'mon, we've got to get the hell out of here!

Shephard unlocks the exit door.

Shephard: This way!

Chief:*Jumps over pipes instead*

Shephard:*Gets blown up* WAAAAAH!Blaaaaaaarg.*dies*

Chief: Good thing I ignored him.

The Chief walks through the Pillar of Autumn, avoiding exploding crewmen

Chief: Great, simulacrums.

The Chief finally makes it to the armory

Chips Dubbo: Get clear, Chief!

Dubbo: Captain Keyes is waiting for you, sir!

The Chief walks toward Keyes

Chief: Captain Keyes*whispering*dirty shisno *Keyes shakes the Master Chief's hand*

Keyes: Good to see you, Green armored guy, erm, Master Chief. Things aren't going well.

>Cortana did her best, but we never really had a chance."<p>

Cortana: A dozen Covenant superior battleships against a single Halcyon-class cruiser.

>Given those odds I'm content with three...make that four kills." *to the Chief* Sleep well?<p>

Chief: No thanks to your driving, yes.

Cortana: *smiles* So you did miss me.

Keyes: No you've been right here, Cortana.

KRA-SPLAOSION!

Keyes:*stands back up* Report!

Cortana: It must have been one of their boarding parties! I'd guess an Antimatter Charge!

Fire Control Officer: Ma'am! Fire control to the main cannon is offline!

Cortana: Captain, the Pineapple cannon was my last offensive option.

Keyes: Alright then. I'm initiating Cole Protocol, Article 2. We're abandoning the Autumn.

>That means you too, Cortana.<p>

Cortana: While you do what, go down with the ship?

Keyes: Nope, I'm going over to the bar.

>Cortana: What!<p>

Keyes: I appreciate your concern,

>Cortana, but it's not up to me. Protocol is clear.
Destruction or capture of a shipboard AI is absolutely unacceptable,
>that means you're leaving the ship.<p>

Keyes: Lock in a selection of emergency landing zones, upload them to my neural lace, and then sort yourself for a hard transfer.

Cortana: Aye aye, sir.

I know it's shorter, but today was kinda hectic.

Red Ring of Death, Chapter 3

Keyes: Which is where you come in, Chief. Get Cortana off this ship. Keep her safe from the enemy.

>If they capture her, they'll learn everything. Force deployment, weapons research... My pineapple upside-down cake.<p>

Yorick: And earth too, sir?

Keyes: No we don't have to worry about that until Halo 2.

Master Chief: I understand.

Cortana: The Autumn will continue evasive maneuvers until you initiate a landing sequence.

>Not that you'll listen, but I'd suggest letting my subroutines handle the final approach.<p>

Keyes: Nope, Imma land her myself.

Cortana: *rolls eyes.*

Keyes: Are you ready?

Cortana: Yank me.

Keyes: YANK!

Captain Keyes pulls a chip out of the holotank and gives to Chief.

Keyes: Good luck, Master Chief, and have some cake for the road, too.

Chief: Gee, thanks.

The Chief puts the chip into the back of his helmet

Cortana: Hmm...your architecture isn't much different from the Autumn's...

Master Chief: Don't get any funny ideas.

Keyes hands his wallet to the Chief.

Keyes: Oops, wrong pocket.

Keyes hands his pistol to the Chief.

Keyes: I don't keep it loaded, son. You'll have to find pineap, err, ammo as you go.

Chief just stands there defiantly.

Keyes: Get moving, Master Chief. There's nothing you can do here.

Chief still just stands there defiantly.

Keyes: *angrily*I gave you an order, soldier. Get off my lawn, erm, this ship!

Chief: Fine.*walks off three feet.*

Cortana: We need to get off this ship, Chief, before we're completely overrun by Covenant.

Chief: Alright, lets do this.

The Master Chief leaves the bridge and spots three grunts.

Grunt 1: And then I slayed the demon in his sleep!

Grunt 2: no way!

Grunt 1: Yes way!

Grunt 3: Umm, guys...

All three: The demon!

Chief: BOO!

the grunts explod into confetti and disembodied childrens' cheering is heard.

Chief makes his way to the mess hall where groups of Marines are engaging the Covenant.

Cortana: Those Marines could use some help, Chief! Do what you do best!

Chief: Darn, I hate karaoke.

Cortana: 0.o

The Chief steps over a body of a dead Marine and picks up an Assault Rifle. He then slaughters the Covenant.

Elite: WORT WORT WORT...BLAAAAAAARGGGG!*dies*

*The Chief leaves the mess hall and heads down a hall.
>He comes across three Marines fighting an Elite.
Kills the Elite, the ship is rocked by a violent explosion.*

VIOLENT EXPLOSION!

Marine 1: What the hell? Did something just hit us?

Marine 2: Move it! Back to the airlock!

*An explosion comes from the airlock, caused by a Covenant boarding vessel crashing into the ship,
>killing two Marines standing guard next to it. Covenant troops pour into the hall.
The Chief takes them down quickly.*

Keyes (COM): Reserve Combat Teams on decks Five through Nine, fall back to secondary defensive positions!

Cortana: They're using our lifeboat airlocks to attach their boarding craft.

>We go out and they come in! *whispering* Those clever bastards...<p>

After a long time of fighting and walking, Chief comes to a broken door

Cortana: Wait. We need to get through that door, but it's been damaged by an explosion.

>Analyzing... The door's control mechanism is offline, but it's taken a lot of damage.
You should be able to bash it open with the butt of your weapon.

Chief: *smashes door* How come I only get to do this once in the entire game?

As the Chief crosses through the control room for his cryo bay, he sees three Elites looking around in the bay.

Elite 1:Blarg, blarg, honk!

Elite 2:Honk, honk, blarg

Elite 1:Blarg chika honk honk

Elite 3:RUBADOSH!*Demon*

Cortana: It looks like the Covenant wanted to catch you napping.

The Chief leaves the control room and makes his way to an access tunnel.

Cortana: The damage to the superstructure is extensive...I don't know how much more abuse the Autumn can take.

The Chief fights his way to and secures the final airlock.

Cortana: There's one last lifeboat! Quickly, get aboard before it launches!

Yorick: *thrown to the ground by an explosion*

>Oh no, oh no! *Picked up by the Chief and thrown into lifepod* Ahhh!<p>

Cortana: Now would be a _very_ good time to leave!

Master Chief: Punch it.

Bumblebee Pilot: *closes her visor* Aye aye, sir!

I know it's a bit late, but life is, well, life :p, anyway, I'll try to get chapter 4 up later this week.

End
file.